
Title: Oblivion

Author:

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A foreboding and
nightmarish figure
surrounded by dark
energies covers this tome.

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Oblivion
Oblivion has commanded
That there should be a
Communion of his
servants.

That his children should
Join together in holy
vision.
Ah, another mortal.

Seeking power, tis
certain, and I can indeed
teach thee of power.
Greater power than thine
repulsively insignificant
mind canst possibly
fathom.... the power of
life and death. The power
of Unlife.

This power that I offer
doth come at a price
that few are willing to
pay. But bide a moment,
mortal, and I shall teach
thee some few things.
Thou hast earned that
much at least; gaining an
audience with me has
proven to be no small
feat for those of thine
most pathetic ilk.
--The Convergence of
Unmaking --

Thou must know, firstly,
of the Convergence of
Unmaking. Tis the unholy
union of the two... the
morbid conflagration of

Oblivion and the eternal
serpent of Entropy.

-- Oblivion --

To be sure, thou hast
heard of what mortals
know as the Vortex, that
central core of the
ethereal void... that
source of all life, matter,
and energy -- and most
of what thou knowest as
"magic" -- in thine
universe. Tis equally sure
that thou hast no
knowledge of the
existence of a black,
twisted mirror of this
Vortex... a
counterclockwise
unmaking... a corruption.
An ultimate ending point,
so to speak. The final
state of all matter and
energy, the source of
what is known to some
as the Black Art,
Necromancy. Quite simply,
Oblivion.

-- Entropy --

Ah, the force Entropy. If
not for Entropy's dark,
sensuous caress, there
would be no Oblivion of
which to teach thee. For
Oblivion doth hunger, and
tis Entropy which doth
sate this hunger. Death
and decay... the rotting
to nothingness of all that
is. All that shall, in time,
no longer be. The fallen
champion on the field of
battle, the rusted blade,
the once mighty tower
which doth now crumble
to dust. The sable
serpent who did beget
the child Oblivion. All this,
living one. All this is
Entropy.

-- Undeath --

Entropy doth make its
all-pervading presence felt
on your world in many
ways. Perhaps the most
reviling to thine kind are
the Undead. Once mortal
beings like thineself, they
passed into Oblivion and
were found to have
certain... qualities...
desirable to the force of
Entropy... which did suit
them to the state of
Undeath. Thus these
immortal beings were sent
back unto the world of
the living in that form.
Most undead are what
thou mightiest call "mad,"
having retained no trace
of sanity in the
transformation to
undeath. The most
powerful, and somewhat
less insane, serve me
directly, and have no
compunction whatsoever
about sending their less
cognizant brothers back
to Oblivion. Save perhaps
the Priests, although
theirs is another matter
entirely, and not for
thine ears... yet.

-- Eternity --

The Convergence of
Unmaking, mortal, is
eternal, knowing neither
beginning nor end; it is
the compulsion for all
that exists to progress
toward a state of
ceasing to exist. Mine
followers see that this is
the natural order of
thine universe, and act as
agents of the force of
Entropy in order to feed
Oblivion. They have found
that if one serves the
Convergence through me,
it has much to offer in
return. I shall accept only
the most able of mortals
into mine cold embrace,
and they know that their

true place is within
Oblivion, where they alone
shall exist, undying, when
all is consigned unto it.
They are immortal.

And now that thou
knowest some small inkling
of the power, breather,
thou shouldst know of
the price. To become
immortal, to enter into
my service, thou must
first cast off thine claim
to this world of
mortality and all that
thou hast held dear. Thine
life as thou dost know it
shall come to an end,
whether or not thou dost
become one of the
Unliving. For although
there are mortals within
mine fold, all are soulless.
Thus the price, weak one,
is thine soul. Cast it off,
embrace me, and discover
whether or not thou art
of the worthy...

-- Entropic Chant --

I am the thorn in the
foot, I am the blur in
the sight
I am the worm at the
root, I am the thief in
the night
I am the rat in the wall,
the leper that leers at
the gate
I am the ghost in the
hall, herald of horror and
hate
I am the rust on the
corn, I am the smut on
the wheat
Laughing man's labor to
scorn, weaving a web for
his feet.
I am canker and mildew
and blight, danger and
death and decay
The rot of the rain by
night, the blast of the
sun by day
I warp and wither with
drought, I work in the
swamp's foul yeast

I bring the black plague
from the south and
leprosy in from the east
I am the shrill cold spirit
that chills the darkness
you feel after dark
I am the chaos that
tears stars apart.
You cannot escape me
You cannot defeat me
You can only embrace me